

Uprising

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Summary: The retelling of the level, Uprising, on Halo 2.

Uprising

****Uprising ****

The Arbiter appeared in a flash of golden light on a remote cliff. _Where has that foul creature, _Gravemind, taken me?_ he thought. _It said there was still time to stop the key from turning. I must stop Tatarus at all costs. _He saw a lone plasma rifle, and stooped to pick it up. Then, the Arbiter continued down the path, which was walled in by stone cliffs, keeping as silent as he could in the most underbrush. He paused at the corpse of a dead Elite. _The Brutes will pay for this, _ he thought with malice. He picked up his fallen brother's energy sword, then continued. He stopped at a bend, noticing a blip on his motion tracker just around the stone wall. A Brute came into focus as the Arbiter rounded the corner. It paused to shoot a dead Elite with it's Brute plasma rifle. The Arbiter hadn't been spotted, so he activated his active camouflage. He went around the Brute and sharply cracked it in the back of it's skull with his rifle. The monster fell in a heap, blood drizzling out of the corner of it's fanged mouth.

The Arbiter struggled to lift the dead hulk to the edge of the cliff where he arrived, and heaved the Brute over the edge. He returned to the spot where the Brute had been and picked up two plasma grenades. The familiar hum noted to the Arbiter that his active camouflage was back at full charge. He continued along the path, wary of more Brutes. He saw two more blips on the motion tracker and soon saw two more Brutes, so he activated his camouflage again. The second Brute stopped to kick a dead Elite, therefore, his guard was down. The Arbiter took advantage of this and eliminated in the same manner as the first. The other Brute cursed, turned around, and began to fire at the Arbiter. The red motes of plasma approached at an alarming rate. The Arbiter ducked and primed a grenade. He took a few hits,

and his shield dropped to a quarter. He hurled the grenade at the Brute, and it stuck to his face. He stopped firing, screamed, and promptly exploded. The Arbiter knew the explosion would be heard, and he was assured of this when another Brute said, "What was that!? Go see what's taking them so long!"

The Arbiter saw more Brutes emerge from behind a rock. _Three. _He drew his energy sword and lunged at the nearest Brute, severing an arm with his first stroke, then a leg. Blood guzzled from the wounds. The Brute fell in a pool of blood. The other Brutes shot at the Arbiter, one with a plasma rifle, and one with a Brute shot, which fired small grenades. The Arbiter also noticed it's wielder wore a red flag, the symbol of a Brute Captain. He activated his camouflage again and ducked behind a rock. The grenades exploded at the spot where he had been. The Brute Captain ran out of ammunition, so he told the other to cover him. He slowly approached the Arbiter's position, sniffing the air. The Arbiter waited until his camouflage wore out, hoping the Brute would leave. No such luck. The Brute spotted him and approached with caution. "The Arbiter!" it said in a rough voice. It swung the bayonet weapon attached to the Brute shot. The Arbiter moved with speed he did not even think possible, and the blow glanced off of his shield. He drew his blade and cut the weapon in half, then kicked the Brute shot's blade away. He then sliced off the Brute's head in one quick motion. The other Brute dropped his weapon and ran towards the Arbiter, who drew a grenade and stuck it to the Brute's hulking arm. He disappeared in a flash of blue light. The Arbiter stopped to regain his breath, and when he stopped panting, moved on. The Arbiter rounded another corner and up a steep rise, where he saw two more Brutes guarding a large door. He swung the energy sword at the closest Brute, killing it instantly. Then, his energy sword ran out of battery, sputtered, and went out.

The Arbiter had to think fast. He couldn't kill the Brute with his plasma rifle at such extreme range. So he activated his camouflage and crept down the hill, where he grabbed a grenade from a dead Brute's holster. He ran back up and primed the grenade. Suddenly, the point of an energy sword went through the Brute's chest from behind. It screamed as blood gushed from it's mouth, then it fell in a bloody heap. The Arbiter heaved his grenade over the edge of the rock wall so it wouldn't explode on him. He heard the dull thump far away. The wielder of the energy sword pulled his blade from the Brute's back and kicked the corpse away. The Elite was a member of the Spec Ops, the elite of the Elites. He said, "These Brutes have shed our brother's blood... And for that, they must _die_!"

The Arbiter greeted his new comrade, then turned as he heard a familiar sound. It was the sound of Elite drop capsules. Four of the coffin-like pods fell out of the sky and landed in clouds of dust throughout the area. There were hissing sounds from the pods, then their seals popped and their lids fell off. An Elite emerged from each pod, their arms crossed for protection during the fall. One of them was wearing the gold armor of a Zealot ranked Elite. He wielded an energy sword. The others had standard equipment, two with plasma rifles, one with a Covenant carbine. "Long have I waited for this!" roared the Zealot. And it was true. All the Elites hated the Brutes for killing their brothers. The whole team ran through the door into a room with a partition. The Arbiter wanted the Spec Ops' carbine. He beckoned for him to hand it over. The Elite complied without complaint. The team continued through the next door, where they emerged into a large cavern with a metal floor. Brutes patrolled the

area. The Arbiter opened fire with his carbine. The green energy shots riddled the first Brute's helmet, knocking it off, and then they knocked his brain onto the far wall. The rest of the Elites began to fire with their rifles. Two more Brutes fell. The Zealot easily ended a Brute Captain's life. One Elite had picked up a needler, and the purple shards he fired brought three Jackals. Two Grunts had joined the force. They were armed with plasma rifles. The team moved up a series of ridges, circling up higher and higher. Three Drones and a Brute guarded the door. The Arbiter told the team to activate their active camouflage, and they easily dispatched the guards and continued to the next door. They came out on a balcony overlooking a room with a Brute. Jackals poured out of the door on the far side. The Arbiter dropped the Brute, who didn't have a helmet, and then lobbed a grenade down at the Jackals. The squawks as they were engulfed in a flash of blue light. Only two survived. One of them grabbed a beam rifle. A lance of purple light hit one of the Spec Ops, and he died before he hit the ground. Everyone took cover, but the Jackal still managed to down a Grunt who looked out from behind his hiding place. The sniper then took cover behind his remaining comrade's energy shield, and they approached the Elites from the ramp. No-one could hit the sniper, but it was easy for him to shoot through the nook in his ally's shield. The Arbiter told the Zealot to cover him, and they activated their camouflage. The Arbiter ducked out and primed a grenade, then threw it just over the shield. The sniper dove away, but his friend wasn't so lucky. Blood splattered the wall and pieces of Jackal pooled on the floor. The sniper then fell to the Zealot's blade. The team went through the next door.

The next room was set up with layers of overlapping levels. Two explosive cartons of plasma sat against the edge. The Arbiter pushed them over and heard the satisfying screams of the plasma's victims. He glanced down. There was only one Jackal left. The Arbiter jumped down on his head, crushing in the vulture-like alien skull. The entire team followed. The next level down had five Brutes on it. The team jumped over a gap onto a thin glass strip. The Brutes spotted them immediately and began firing their Brute shots and plasma rifles. One Elite's shield flared, went out, and he fell as his innards were boiled open by the red motes of plasma. He toppled backwards into open air. The Arbiter killed two Brutes using his carbine, then drew his rifle and fired. Another Elite fell to the Brute shot-wielding Captain. The Zealot killed a Brute with his sword. The Spec Ops killed the others. Too many of the Elites had fallen already, only the Arbiter, the Zealot, and two Spec Ops remained. The Zealot ducked as a grenade flew over his head. The team turned around to see three Brutes standing in the doorway. One let out a roar and primed another grenade. The Elites opened fire, a deadly hail of blue plasma bombarded the Brutes. Purple blood spouted from their wounds. One Brute's skin crackled and melted, deforming his arms and legs, and he dropped his weapon, but he didn't die. A Brute shot grenade broke the glass walkway they were on, and they fell. The remaining Brute fired as his ally went mad. Blood still squirted from his burning flesh as he angrily snapped an Elite's neck. The Zealot cut him down. The remaining Brute died soon thereafter. The team continued through the next door, unaware as to what they would find...

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